12

AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of

MR. BENNET,

—K

AND

Miſs WORSFOLD.

Ye ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell
Is it, in Heav'n, a Crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright Reverſion in the Sky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die? POPE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author begs leave, in order to be better underſtood by the Reader, to give him this ſhort Account of Mr. BENNET and Miſs WORSFOLD. Mr. *W. Bennet* was a Surgeon at S——h in Y—kſhire, had contracted an intimate Acquaintance with Miſs *H. Worsfold* of the ſame Place; a young Lady not only of the moſt extenſive Fortune, but admired on account of the moſt amiable Accompliſhments and Perſon of any in that Neighbourhood. Their tender Attachment was begun in their Infancy, and at three and twenty Mr. *Bennet* was to have been married to Miſs *Worsfold*, who was then near the ſame Age: But previouſly to the Completion of his Happineſs and the Enjoyment of her every Wiſh, She was to undergo an Inoculation for the Small-Pox under the Care and Direction of her Friend.—The Diſeaſe proved mortal! and Miſs *Worsfold*'s Death, together with that of the diſconſolate *Bennet*, which ſoon followed the former, gave, to an afflicted Friend, the melancholy Occaſion of the following Lines.

AN

ELEGY ON THE DEATH

OF

Mr. *Bennet* and Miſs *Worsfold*.

I.

THE Stars are ſet: the orient Morning dawns,
The blithſome Woodlarks chant their matin Lay,
The Shepherds whiſtle o'er the opening Lawns,
And the brown Milk-maid hails the new-born Day.

II.

But not for BENNET!—He nor th' opening Lawns
Beholds; nor hears the Wood-larks' matin Lay;
For him no more the orient Morning dawns;
Nor the brown Milk-maid hails, for him, the Day.

I ſaw

III.

I ſaw him fetch his lateſt heart-felt Sigh,
(With what Convulſions heav'd that laboring Breaſt!)
Then cloſe in endleſs Night his languid Eye,
And ſlumb'ring ſink to everlaſting Reſt.

IV.

Thus have I ſeen, when over-charg'd with Rain,
A drooping Poppy bent beneath its Weight;
Freſh, and, like him, the Pride of all the Plain;
Like him too, bowing to a timeleſs Fate.

V.

Thus have I ſeen, ere at his noon-tide Height,
The Sun in peerleſs Majeſty ſerene,
While not a Spot eclips'd his beaming Light,
And ſcarce a Breeze diſturb'd the placid Scene:

Sudden

VI.

Sudden, diſtemper'd Hurricanes begun,
Impervious Fogs the Welkin's Face inſhroud,
And Day's young God, ere half his Race was run,
Sicken'd, and ſunk behind a pitchy Cloud.—

VII.

Come, ye gray Churls, to deck the Shepherd's Bier,
Gather the choiceſt May-blooms of the Glade;
Then drop, in ſilent Agony, a Tear,
As in the Duſt ye view his Reliques laid.

VIII.

Hard are your Hearts: yet ſure the Tribute's due,
If Senſe of Love, or Gratitude remain'd;
For many a Bloſſom has he cull'd for you,
And long from Fate your hoary Hairs ſuſtain'd.

IX.

Yes — he was ſkill'd in Phyſic's ſovereign Pow'r,
Above the wiſeſt of the Tribe confeſt;
And well he knew the Force of ev'ry Flow'r,
And knew what Hour, to gather it, was beſt.

X.

Oft have I ſpy'd him, at the Break of Day,
Ere Charles had yet th' inverted Wain withdrawn,
Plodding, with meditative Step, his Way,
To reap the Spring-herb on the dewy Lawn.

XI.

Oft have I, (for I'd never ſcorn to join
His friendly Converſe) with him clomb the Brow;
For one our Tempers, and his Taſte was mine;
One Roof, one Birthright common to us Two.

XII.

Oft have — But hush! Ah, let me not recall
The Pang of Recollection to my Breaſt!
Time, that can all things change, and render all,
May to my Soul reſtore its wonted Reſt.

XIII.

The Throes of Agony, the keeneſt Smart,
The ſharpeſt Scourge vindictive Rage can boaſt,
The ſmarteſt Pains that pierce the human Heart,
By Time are ſoften'd, and in Time are loſt.

XIV.

The ſilent Tear that ſteals from Friendſhip's Eye,
And robs the widow'd Soul of it's Repoſe,
Admits a Gleam of intermingling Joy,
Or drains, at length, the Fount, from whence it flows.

XV.

Then how ye check it, Sorrowers, beware:
A like Reſtraint ſped BENNET's fatal Dart,
Exceſs of Anguiſh curb'd the riſing Tear,
The Tear ſtraight ſought it's Paſſage to the Heart,

XVI.

Thence burſt collected. — Never yet had Love
A nobler Victim, or a Slave ſo great;
His Thoughts were ſuch as Angels might approve,
And well his Love deſerv'd a milder Fate!

XVII.

Yes, ye Celeſtials, not with purer Flame
Glow your immortal Souls, with Rapture fir'd,
Than that (and ſpotleſs was the Virgin's Fame,
And Paſſion mutual) his Breaſt inſpir'd. ——

XVIII.

Mark in its Bloom that dew-beſpangled Flow'r,
Whence, all around, ten thouſand Sweets ariſe;
Mark the revolving Circlet of an Hour,
'Tis born, it blows; 'tis cropt, it fades, it dies!

XIX.

A fairer Flow'r did WORSFOLD, one Day bloom,
Than ever in the vernal Meadow ſhone;
But ſcarce (ah Fortune!) was another come,
Ere ſhe was blaſted, and her Charms were flown!

XX.

Deep in th' envenom'd Core the Viper feeds,
And mocks at Phyſic, and his uſeleſs Train,
Thro' every Limb the rank Infection ſpeeds,
The putrid Blood ſcarce creeps through every Vein.

Weak

XXI.

Weak was all Aid! that Skill now at a Stand,
That erſt had oft recall'd the fleeting Breath,
And BENNET, ſmitten by her Lover's Hand
Beholds his WORSFOLD in the Arms of Death!

XXII.

Not more amain the Sun from noon-tide Hour
Meaſures his Journey to the bluſhing Weſt,
Than BENNET, when his Fav'rite was no more,
Struggled to follow, and to be at Reſt.

XXIII.

Time was my BENNET held his Life more dear,
And, ſpite of all that learned Gown-men taught,
Deem'd no HEREAFTER like the preſent HERE,
Nor of a happier *Heaven* could form a Thought.

Fondly

XXIV.

Fondly he feaſted on Exceſs of Joy,
Gaily regardleſs of the future Scene,
Chaſte were his Pleaſures, *yet* without Alloy,
Cloudleſs his Proſpect, and his Brow ſerene.

XXV.

Reflection, unimbitter'd with a Crime,
Sweeten'd th' Amuſement of his cheerful Hour,
In Fortune's Favour, and in Manhood's Prime,
He felt nor Age's, nor Affliction's Pow'r.

XXVI.

Two Friends, (he never wiſh'd for more) he found,
One ('twas his firſt Misfortune) he ſurviv'd,
Then bow'd immediate to the fatal Wound,
T' other beheld his Corſe — (alas!) and liv'd. —

And

XXVII.

And now, ye hoary-headed Men of Lore,
That oft have drank at Wiſdom's hallowed Fount,
Learn'd the myſterious Ways of Heaven t' explore,
Are theſe Things number'd in your dark Account?

XXVIII.

Say — Can eternal Juſtice rule this Ball,
And Creatures bleed beneath a Maker's Hand?
Can Mercy reign, and wretched Virtue fall?
Faith ſtaggers, and the Chriſtian's at a Stand. —

XXIX.

Shall kindred Souls in Union cloſe be knit,
Thus to be rent aſunder in an Hour?
No, we will meet, and be united, yet,
Where Chance and Death ſhall ſep'rate Friends no more.

For

XXX.

For me, whom envious Fate hath left behind,
As one forgotten, and as one forlorn,
Careleſs of Comfort, that he cannot find,
Remote from every earthly Bleſſing torn,

XXXI.

For me well fit, ſome loneſome Grove I'll ſeek,
Diſſolve in Tears the Sorrows of my Breaſt,
Then, while the Streams fall plenteous down my Cheek,
Heave a deep Sigh, and long to be releas'd.

XXXII.

Laſt, when the Spirit quits her dark Abode,
Burſts from her Bonds, and takes her homeward Flight,
How joy'd, O Raptures! (reſting on her God)
She'll mingle with her kindred Saints of Light!

THE

EPITAPH.

I.

UNDER the Covert of this Yew-tree Shade
(The laſt Retreat of Infamy and Pride)
Stol'n from their Sorrows, are two Lovers laid,
Whom Fate had link'd, and whom their Stars allied.

II.

Death ſtrove in vain to part the loyal Pair,
Their mingling Aſhes prov'd his Aim unjuſt:
Their Loves theſe Reliques and his Griefs declare,
Tho' theſe be o'er, thoſe mould'ring into Duſt.

Perhaps

III.

Perhaps the Secret of their Lives might ſteal
The pearly Tribute from thy piteous Eye,
That every Neighbour-Shepherd will reveal,
As from his Boſom 'ſcapes th' unuſual Sigh.

IV.

Short was their Tide of earthly Bliſs decreed;
An envious Hoar-froſt nipp'd their budding Joys:
Peace to their Mem'ries, and be their's the Meed,
Our Hope ſequeſters for them in the Skies.

FINIS.

On the 10*th of* February *will be publiſhed,*

THREE POETICAL EPISTLES,

Relative to a late ACCIDENT.

—— Il torre altrui la Vita
E facolta commune
Al piu vel della terra; il darla è ſolo
De' Numi, et de' Regnanti.

CLEMENZA DI TITO.

The loweſt Wretch on Earth enjoys the Power of taking Life away; but the Preſerving it, is a Privilege granted only to Gods and Sovereigns.

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